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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, —— Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, —— Business Manager

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DEMOCRATIC STATE AND COUNTY TICKET.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE—MAJ. A. E. RICHARDSON.
FOR APPELLATE CLERK—CART. T. J. HENRY.
FOR COUNTY JUDGE—E. W. DROWN.
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY—D. H. CARPENTER.
FOR CHANCY CLERK—JOHN REAGAN.
FOR ASHERSON—J. H. HOGG.
FOR JUDGE—T. D. NEWLAND.
FOR SURVEYOR—P. H. HOWARD.
FOR CORONER—W. J. DUGHERY.
FOR CONSTABLE (STANFORD PRECINCT)—TOM CURRY
MARTIN.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

DAYTON, Ohio, July 14, 1882.

Dear Interior—A walk in almost any part of the Dayton I knew 45 years ago wears me in, in this strange way. I have to keep on such a strain, replacing the things I see, with the things I saw nearly half a century ago, and which I do not see now, that a sense of exhaustion ensues a while, as if I had been doing hard work, which indeed it is, getting together the extremities of a life-time. In one of my rambles I discovered a 4th house, almost unchanged, where father lived in '38. A bit of modern patching in front, but almost identical with the well-known house of boyhood.

Woodland Cemetery—Dayton's burying ground—is on a superb eminence, where I hunted squirrels when a boy, long before a body had been laid in it. It is thickly inhabited now, and will vie in beauty, natural and artificial with any cemetery East or West. The view from the crowning hill-top, over Dayton and the country around, is magnificent. Many almost shrieked with delight as they looked at it, and I don't wonder, for it overpowers me with even new pleasure, often as I have seen it before. In my time the "graveyard" (cemetery was unknown) was right across the street from my father's house, (one of them), and an object of mortal terror to my returning home after dark. How often after turning the dreaded corner have taken to my heels as if for dear life and dashed panting and terrified into our front yard, afraid to look over my shoulder, and only relieved when the house had been safely entered. On the site of the old graveyard now stands a block of beautiful dwelling houses. Bodies all removed to the "cemetery." Old "graveyard" among the things that were. My dear old Uncle Charles is the only one of the Barnes family buried in Dayton. His body lies in a sweet, peaceful spot in the burial lot of one of father's true friends during all the Dayton life. The Cemetery Company have their own engine that forces water from their own well up to the highest point, and from thence distributed through iron pipes to all parts of the grounds. Hydrants, at convenient distances, enables the owners of lots to water flowers in the driest season. These, therefore, are cultivated in great variety and beauty. Every thing is exquisitely kept.

Dayton has a wonderful water supply. The peculiarities of all the valley in which this city lies, is, that water of purest quality may be had by digging to a little depth, and no danger of missing it, wherever well may be sunk. The two rivers, Mad and Miami, almost girdle the lovely city, and the water that filters through the great underlying gravel bed, is clear as crystal. At the water-works where 2 magnificent Holly engines raise millions of gallons every 24 hours, the water all comes from huge wells, differing from other wells only in their prodigious size. There are 3 of these 2-round and 1 quadrangular. When more water shall be needed for the rapidly growing city, other wells will furnish an unlimited supply. I wondered at the transparent clearness of the water, reminding of the Chicago supply from lake Michigan, until a visit to headquarters explained all. The water is forced directly into the mains instead of pumped into a reservoir and thence distributed, and in 3 minutes the engines can put on "fire pressure" and convert every hydrant into an equivalent to a steam engine. All that needs to be done is to screw on hose and the water flows with explosive force.

The Barney & Siniti R. R. Car Manufacturing Company have very extensive works, employing 1,200 men. My dear old teacher was the founder of this prodigious industry, and only a great brain could have carried on successfully such a mighty enterprise. Not one school teacher in a thousand makes a fortune at his profession, but this thoughtful and thrifty man did it, and then his car works made him a millionaire. He left every thing in such perfect order that others could carry on what he alone could find.

There is a *contra* to every thing on earth. I attempted to describe that Paradise—the Soldiers' Home. By strict regulations, a soldiers' family is banished from that splendid enclosure. All that lavish expenditure can bestow is given to the soldier himself, but it is at the fearful price of isolation. In effect, the place is a magnificent jail, only differing from a common jail in

the splendor of accommodations, and in the privileges of going out, if you wish to bore your support. In spite therefore of all that is done to make them happy, a more moping, dejected set you can not find. Four thousand men with never a woman is enough to sicken one of any Paradise. I hear that attempts at suicide are not uncommon, and I can certainly speak from observation as to dejected faces. This is no one's fault, but a certain result of the violation of an immutable law, first propounded by God in the sentence, "It is not good for man to be alone." Then he made a "help meet" for him. If the government would really tenderly care for its defenders, it should turn a lot of women and children into those beautiful grounds. The place might suffer in appearance, but the ends of the nobility would be met, and the gallant old veterans would not have to be pulled out of the lakes where they have flung themselves to escape the horrors of their splendid camp. Charming landscapes, lovely flowers, good food, frequent entertainments, nor one, nor all, can compensate for woman's society and the joys of home. There is this dark shadow resting on this expensive national establishment.

I can write, in few words, the difficulties that lie in the Evangelist's way in Dayton. It is a new world to us, as if we had been transferred to another planet.

First, This whole Northern country is overrun with "isms," until a general suspicion of any thing new is deeply imbedded in the minds of the people. "Cranks" are as common here as uncommon in Kentucky. In spite of success, I came, burdened with that title, and it takes time to disabuse the mind enumbered with a false idea, "Patient waiting," and nothing else, will win Dayton.

Second, Growing out of this suspicion of every thing, that keeps men ever on the defensive, lest they should be "taken in and done for," a deep down skepticism prevails among all classes. Col. Ingerson never lacks a packed audience, though the purest gospel may go begging. There is no hiding the fact. Infidelity of the Ingerson type is "sweeping the decks" outside the churches, and steadily making its way even there. This thing is growing in Kentucky also, but here it is solid, packed down skepticism with which we have to contend in the dear LORD'S name.

Third, The Christianity of the churches is the deadliest thing you ever saw—almost "thrice dead, plucked up by the roots." "Fine churches." Yes! "Abundant wealth." Yes! "Rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, and know not that they are miserable and poor and blind and naked." O how, to the letter, true is this description of our LORD! Behold then the Dayton situation. A dead church with a "name to live" only. An infidel world outside, and the gospel "bonds," and its preacher a supposed "heretic." And the battle rages while I write. Never in all our evangelism has the devil mustered all his forces so fiercely to withstand the entrance of the gospel. My old friends of boyhood either stand aloof or timidly pay a few courtesies in place of the cut direct. We have no wealth on our side. We live by the day, trusting the LORD. The little I brought from Kentucky is already swallowed up in assisting to pay daily expense, but if I have to change places with Fletcher, and take the Court-house steps, while he goes into the Rink, as I hear he predicts, I shall hold on to Dayton until victory comes. "It is in the air," and will not tarry long, I am sure. PRAISE THE LORD. The congregations steadily increase. The interest deepens. One poor infidel staggered forward with a bitter cry last night and confessed Jesus. He is the son of a good old preacher, my father associated intimately with 45 years ago, and who still lives. I ask myself with tears in my eyes, why is my father's son the preacher, instead of the reverse? O the goodness of the LORD! The craft of the devil! Still pray for us, dear friends, that "boldness of utterance" may be given. Ever in Jesus.

GEO. O. BARNES.

One half of the marital infidelity in the world, is due to the wife's inability to comprehend her husband's little wants or to a stubborn and malignant temper which leads her deliberately to oppose the gratification of his wishes. But there are women who understand this and act accordingly. A Brooklyn lady whose husband had been suffering from despondency was asked if she wasn't afraid he would commit suicide some time. "There's a bare possibility that he may," she answered in a tone of true wifely devotion. "I always lay out a razor on his dressing-table before he comes home."—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Tight-lacing, according to a scientist, unkes a woman's nose red, and an experienced person wants to know what is that makes men's noses red. His query is a pretty good evidence that he never had the hay fever. We are not a scientist, and it may be that all red noses are not caused by hay fever. Some may be painted.—[Norristown Herald.]

An undomestic paragrapher says: "A striking window ornament is made as follows: Take one woman weighing 200 pounds, with a neck like a stove-pipe and hair uncombed, and let her throw up a sash, look up and down, and call out: 'Reuben, you come here, or I'll take your hide off!'"

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.
Visiting Committee's Report.

The committee appointed by the Kentucky Conference to visit this institution, found the duty an exceedingly pleasant one. The principal, with the other members of her faculty, not only received the committee with great courtesy, but gave every facility for investigating methods, character of work, and results. In fact, they seemed to seek candid, just, and generous criticism. We found the school well equipped in four departments—Primary, Intermediate, Preparatory and Collegiate. Mrs. Trueheart has, by ten years of efficient and successful labor at the head of this institution, demonstrated her eminent qualification. She is well known, and so highly appreciated as an elegant Christian lady, with such superior mental and moral endowments, as to need no commendation from us. Perhaps her own fitness lies in nothing but her own fully evinced than in her selection of a faculty. It is largely composed of those who have made teaching their life work; who bring to their chosen calling energies enriched by experience and sanctified by grace.

The committee had the benefit of both oral and written examinations. On their arrival papers were placed in their hands to be considered at leisure, and then for two days in the chapel, classes from various departments were reviewed in the studies of the year. These examinations were so conducted as to indicate that special preparation had not been made on a given part of textbooks. The classes were usually tendered to visitors, and when accepted, such questions were propounded as would demand of the class general knowledge of the subject in hand. In all regards the proficiency of the pupils compared favorably with that of similar institutions. When we consider the system of teaching, healthfulness of location, character of buildings, and moral training, we feel assured that we risk nothing in commanding this college to parents who desire a true education for their daughters. The Kentucky Conference may be congratulated in numbering it with the excellent institutions under her fostering care.

W. F. TAYLOR,
F. W. NOLAND,
Committee.

Coffee in Typhoid Fever.

Dr. Guillasse, of the French navy, in a recent paper on typhoid fever, says: "Coffee has given us unheeded satisfaction; after having dispensed it, we find to our great surprise, that action is as prompt as it is decisive.

No sooner have our patients taken a few tablespoonfuls of it than their features become relaxed, and they come to their sensor. The next day the improvement is such that they are tempted to look upon coffee as a specific against typhoid fever.

Under its influence the stupor is dispelled, and the patient rouses from the state of inactivity in which he has been since the invasion of the disease; all the functions take their natural course, and he enters upon convalescence."

Dr. Guillasse gives an adult two or three tablespoonfuls of strong black coffee every two hours, alternated with one or two tablespoonfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia should be taken daily, and after a while quinine.

From the fact that malaise and cerebral symptoms appear first, the doctor regards typhoid fever as a nervous disease, and the peculiar action on the nerves is peculiarly indicated in the early stages, before local complications arise.

The first use we hear that was made

of coffee was for candlewicks in 1800.

Now it is stated that houses can be

built of cotton and straw, which under-

goes into paste, compressed into slates,

and become hard and firm as a stone.

The material neither warps nor cracks,

and is both fire and damp proof.

Re-use cotton and the sweepings of facto-

ries are used. The inventor, a Cana-

dian, is introducing it in the domin-

ion, and it may be many years ere

"cotton house" will be no novelty in

New York.—[Chicago Journal.]

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Old-Time Church-Sleeping.

It is more than 200 years ago that the Rev. Dr. Samuel Whittington was minister in Lynn Mass. At that time one Obadiah Turner kept a journal and wrote therein as follows. "Allen Brydges hath been chose to wake up sleepers in meeting, and being much pround of his place must have need for a tail fixed to ye end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them who will lie their naps in time of sermon; likewise a sharp thorn wherewith he may prick such as may be most sound. On ye last Lord's day as he trotted about ye meeting house, he did spy Mr. Tomline lying with very much comfort, his head kept steady by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And so spying Allen did quickie thrust his staff behind Dame Bolland and give her a gripe upon ye hand; whereupon Mr. Tomline did spring up muchhunye ye floor, and with great force strike his hand against ye wall, and also to ye surprise of all, prophanlie exclaim in a loud voice, 'Cuse ye woodchuck!' he dreaming, as it seemed, that a woodchuck had hit his hand. On coming to know where he was, and ye great scandle he had committed, he seemed much ashamed, but he did not shake; and I think he did not again go to sleep in meeting. Ye women may sometimes sleep and none knows it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whittington did plausiblie say that from ye pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw, with men jutting here and there among them."

Since the Legislature declined to appropriate money to meet the expenses of Gov. Blackburn and the State Guard on the famous Yorktown trip, the Governor has been reported as saying that he "would pay the bill out of his own pocket," and some sympathy has been worked up for the tender-hearted old man on that score.

We suppose he never had any intention of paying the money. Adjutant General Nuckles in an official letter of the 6th inst., says, "Owing to the fact that the Governor will have to pay the Yorktown expenses out of the military fund, he will not be able to order the State Guard into active service during the present year."—[Hartford Courant.]

The Force of Habit.—Only the other day a Hartford barber who was called upon to shave the face of a dead man, after applying the lather and slapping the blade of his razor on the palm of his hand in the most approved fashion, began his work; but a moment later, unable to forget his shop habits, halted, bowed low over the inanimate form, and while plowing Mr. Strong unheeded a pile of bones, which proved to be human, and of a size that would make the stories of "Jack the Giant-killer" creditable, the thigh bones being as large as those of an ox. Around the bones were a number of Indian relics, such as a tomahawk, spear-heads, etc., leading to the belief that the remains were those of an Indian chief. The skull has been taken to Mr. Strong's residence where it can be seen.

An Illinois farmer gives the following directions for curing galled shoulders in horses, and says that it is infallible: Take old leather and burn it to a crisp; rub the asbes on the galled part; a few applications will effect a perfect cure. A new work-horse put to the plow this spring received several severe galls on both shoulders. A few applications of the burnt leather made them as sound as it never injured and no scar to be seen.

The Rev. O. J. Carlton, of Newton Center Mass., in the National Baptist answer the question: "Ought ministers to commit suicide when they arrive at sixty years of age?" as follows: "Yes, because as a general thing every year they remain on earth after that is passed in martyrdom. Mental decadence strikes in at sixty, he thinks, and no minister after that remains anything that is worth knowing.

Mrs. Kelly recently caused the remains of her pet dog to be buried in a cemetery at Washington, Pa., whether they were accompanied by a funeral procession of mourners and an undertaker. The owners of lots have held a meeting since the funeral to protest against what they considered a desecration of the sacred place, and the authorities will be urged to compel the removal of the dog's body.

The pastime on moccasin evenings on Long Branch. A long open wagon, with its body packed full of straw is then filled with youthful passengers of both sexes, and the parties drive for miles up and down the avenues. The fish horn is the favorite musical instrument with these gay coteries, and the silver cedars float gently out upon the calm evening air.

Patriotism is all right and nice and pretty good and clever and handsome, but about the time you've been kept awake two nights by a set of sub-lime idiots who have devoured their useless existence to bedeviling the neighborhood with tin horns, etc., you begin to regret that the British didn't win and exterminate the parents of these noisy monkeys.

Atkinson's Casket published in Philadelphia in 1826, says: "I wish I had a quart punch, of ice one half a pound; into the punch the ice I'd launch, and stir it round and round. And when I'd stirred it round and round, mud cooled it to my mind, I'd lift the cup and drink it up, nor leave a drop behind."

We advise our lady readers who are addicted to gum chewing, to read the following from an exchange: It is claimed that hog cholera lard and gum arabic makes a tolerable good article of chewing gum, but the best in the market is composed of congealed beeswax, gum turpentine and dog fat. Remember the brand.

We are told that President Arthur is very particular about his stocklings. He is not to be aucreed at on this account. It would be well if lots of people were more so.

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DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,
Opera House Block, — Stanford, Ky.,

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J. H. McALISTER. H. C. BRIGHT.

M'ALISTER & BRIGHT
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St. Asaph Block, — Stanford, Kentucky.

Our stock of Groceries and Family Supplies generally is always Full and Fresh. We would call especial attention to our line of Canned Goods, which is the Largest and Most Complete in the city, and prices to correspond with the times.

We invite you to examine our stock and prices before you purchase. We pay the Highest Market Price, Cash or Trade, for all kinds of Country Produce.

Don't forget the place—Corner Store, St. Asaph Block.

LINCOLN MILLS

This New Mill, containing the latest and
MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY
For manufacturing meal and flour, is now in full operation. We will grind for customers, for the present, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, and on Court-Days and all other public days. We solicit a liberal share of patronage and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction.

Flour, Meal, Corn, Bran, Shipstuff, &c., Always on hand and for sale. Highest cash price paid for Corn, Wheat, &c. Orders left at Mill promptly attended to.

The war-cloud that has hung over Egypt for months broke in fury Tuesday morning, when the bombardment of Alexandria commenced. The Khedive had previously sent his family to his country place, and all the Europeans had quitted the city. The English men-of-war engaged were Inflexible, Temeraire, Penelope, Superb, Sultan, Invincible, Alexandria and Monarch. The bombardment was kept up for twelve hours the first day, and the result was decidedly discouraging to the Egyptians. Twelve officers and men landed from the Inflexible under cover of the fire of the Condor and Bitter, and destroyed one of their forts with dynamite. The British loss is five killed and twenty-seven wounded. The fortifications of the city are said to be very imperfect owing to its situation, and unless other powers come to the assistance of the Egyptians, the siege must be short, sharp and decisive.

The first day's bombardment seems to have completely silenced the forts, as there was small response from them Wednesday. A dispatch of yesterday says: A flag of truce was sent to the English Admiral, and displayed from the city during the morning, and the firing ceased for the day. During the day, the city was discovered to be on fire in several places, and toward night the conflagration assumed such proportions as to lead to the conclusion that the city was willfully reduced to ashes. The negotiations Wednesday failed, the English having been made the subjects of a dupe, and hostilities will be resumed this morning. The Egyptian loss is over 2,000.

After being annoyed by him for weeks, in season and out of season, Col. Sears, of the Post, allowed his angry passions to rise sufficiently to whack John B. Gaines of the *Other World* over the head with a stick. John fell back a few paces, and drawing his little pistol, commenced to fire, retreating the while. Col. Sears also drew a shooting-iron and ten shots were exchanged. Col. Sears getting one in his foot, and a bystander another in his arm. Gaines was not hurt except by the stick, and Sears' wound is insignificant. For two men, who pride themselves on being center shots, the shooting was the poorest on record, and the principals are no doubt ashamed of themselves.

The Richmond *Herald* man says we wear a "scared look." No, no, Jody, not scared. Say rather an astonished look. For we confess that whenever your beautiful figure fills a small portion of our vision, we are indeed astonished that an animal of such peculiar appearance is allowed to run at large. Surely if Barnum knew of your existence he would soon have you locked up with his "What is it?" A modern Balaam's ass would be a drawing card, the more especially since it has such a lovely pink head.

The Covington Commonwealth calls attention to the culpable omission, in the House Journal of the Legislature, of the Governor's report of the number of pardons he had granted and fines he had remitted during his term of office. It was never intended that the report should see the light of day. The Legislature in obedience to the popular demand called for the report, but it was no doubt understood between it and the Governor that it was all a sham.

The Governor's organ says that "Ben Mickey, who was lately pardoned by Gov. Blackburn, was evidently dying of consumption when turned out of prison." Yes, and he should have let him die there. Any man who had killed four of his fellow beings, and who had threatened to kill the judge, who sentenced him, if he ever got a chance, is just the proper subject to end his days in a loathsome dungeon.

The President, seeing that he had been duped by the double-dealing of John D. White, has withdrawn the name of Dr. Bennett, for Collector of Internal Revenue. It is said that our Billy Bradley first put the flea in the President's ear, and John D. is now kept busy explaining how it all came about. It is also said that Swope will more than probable retain the position, which he has filled so worthily.

ONLY two newspapers in Kentucky oppose the school law to be voted on in August. The others recognizing that but simple justice to the negro demands that they be given an equal share of the school fund, advocate the bill and urge all fair minded men to vote for it.

The Cincinnati Commercial is adding to its popularity in Kentucky by publishing full reports of Rev. George O. Barnes' sermons at Dayton.

THOSE newspapers that publish the two-inch arch to say that "this paper can be found on file at H. P. Hubbard's Newspaper Agency," must suffer with an excessive amount of space. Of course they publish it gratis, and in return for the favor get propositions to "insert 6 inches of advertisement at the top of column next to reading matter, and 10 twenty-line reading notices in each paper for one year for \$8 gross, paper to be sent to the agency and to the advertiser free." H. P. Hubbard is the most picayune man in the business, and we wish that all newspapers would shut down on him.

SOMETIMES ago Governor Blackburn was the recipient of some sympathy from the silly sentimental, because he announced he would pay the expenses of his Yorktown jamboree out of his own pocket, as the Legislature had refused to appropriate funds to meet them. It now turns out that he has had the expense paid out of the military fund, and in consequence there will be no spree for the State Guards this season. The Governor is a silly old coon, to be sure.

The war in Egypt will no doubt cut off the gunnery supply, and the New York *Herald* therefore recommends to that "thrifty order of newspaper men who wield weapons not merely mightier than the sword, but mightier sometimes than the pen—the scissors and gum-pot, to wit," that they lay in a big lot without delay. The Commonwealth editor of the *Courier-Journal* will please observe and govern himself accordingly.

The Shelly republicans are the latest to instruct for Hon. W. O. Bradley. He'll be nominated on the first ballot, if not indeed, by acclamation at the Convention here on the 16th of August.

The desire for office springs eternal in the republican breast. Congress has just created 800 odd places in the Interior Department, and already there are over 4,000 hungry applicants for them.

The Cincinnati Commercial, seeing that so many people are looking for permanent investments, suggests that a trial of our hundred millions of two per cent. bonds be put on the market.

L. B. Gosport, editor of the *Waterford* (Miss.) *Express*, put two bullets into J. E. Ballard, when he came to know who "had writ that article," and why he had done so.

"LITTLE PHIL" will have a walk-over judging from present appearances, so far as his party is concerned. He'll easily walk over the Hon. W. O. B. too for that matter.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The blank Charter extension bill is now a law.

—Fifty-eight persons died of sunstroke in New York, Tuesday.

—Miles W. Hardy, the only colored lawyer in Cincinnati, died Tuesday.

—In Grayson county there are forty-one candidates after five unimportant offices.

—A divorce is being sought by a Cincinnati couple, who lived together but a hour.

—Even Senator Maxey, of Texas, is now accused of complicity in the Star-route frauds.

—At the rate we have been increasing, it is estimated that there will be \$1,476,000 of us in 1890.

—Wm. Ritter, negro was taken from jail at Owensboro Wednesday night and hung for raping a white girl.

—Philip Faison was hung at Clinton N. C. Tuesday, for the murder of another negro. Six thousand people witnessed the ceremony.

—The River and Harbor Bill passed by the Senate, Wednesday, appropriates over \$20,000,000. It is said that the President will veto it.

—The bouquet Mrs. Scoville sent Gaines just before he was hung, is said to have contained enough arsenic to kill half a dozen men.

—John M. Clarke, a prominent lawyer of Milwaukee, was arrested for burglary, for assisting a constable to break in a house on a wrist of revolver.

—Charles Stiles, a well-known young business man of Chicago, was shot and killed in his bed at the Palmer House by his mistress, Madeline Stiles.

—The new Emery Bros. hotel, at the corner of Sixth and Vine streets Cincinnati will be opened to the public on September 1, under the name of the Palace Hotel.

—The June tornadoes and hail-storms killed 150 people, wounded 400 and damaged property to the amount of \$5,000,000. The funnel-shaped clouds are to be feared.

—A building at Texarkana, Arkansas, was struck by lightning Wednesday and the walls fell upon a saloon, crushing it beneath them. Thirty lives are reported lost.

—The Tariff Commission met Tuesday and settled two very important questions. First, they decided upon a stenographer, and secondly, determined to do their cogitating at Long Branch.

—Quinton's bones have been stripped of the flesh and are now on the roof of the Medical Museum undergoing a bleaching process preparatory to placing them on exhibition in the museum.

—At Louisville, Miss. F. E. Jones, a photographer, became enraged at his boy, Thomas Jones, and shot him dead. He was arrested and barely escaped lynching. He had already killed four men.

—The last link in the line of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, between Dyerburg and Covington, Tenn., is filled and the Southwestern connection of a great Louis-

ville road completed. The laying of the last rail was attended with much ceremony, and there were many people present. This gap has been a long time filling, but is filled at last, and two states will rejoice at it.

—Captain Alvero and Major Cordova, officers of the Second Regiment, fought a duel at San Luis Potosi, Mexico, on Tuesday. The former was killed on the spot; the latter died soon after he was removed from the field.

—The Virginia Democratic State Central Committee has deemed it inexpedient to nominate a candidate for Congressmen-at-large. The party will support J. E. Massey, who is a resident, but is running as an independent.

—An explosion of gas in the Rue Louis

Philippe, and a subsequent fire caused a conflagration in Paris, Wednesday, that resulted in the death of twenty persons and the wounding of forty others. Twelve houses were destroyed.

—Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn has secured from the Smithsonian Institution a complete set of copies of all ethnological specimens, casts, curiosities, relics, &c., in possession of the Institution, for the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Lexington.

—The debt-paying democrats of Tennessee have nominated H. F. Fussell for Governor and adopted a platform avowing "unalterable opposition to the repudiation of any of our State or national obligations and are in favor of maintaining inviolate the public faith."

—The Covington Commonwealth observes that the telegraph beats the sun in its course" was exemplified this morning. At 7 a. m. the British war vessels commenced bombarding the forts at Alexandria Egypt. The news was received at London at 6 a. m.; at Cincinnati at 4 a. m.

—The body of Albert Snow, the last of the Scoto disaster, was found yesterday, making fifty-seven dead of the five hundred who went upon that Fourth of July excursion. The boat was running without a licensed pilot, and whisky was flowing freely when the accident occurred.

—In January last, Mary Hughes, of Ballard county gave birth to a child. She would not tell who its father was, until a few days since, when she swore out a warrant against her father John Hughes, charging him with her reduction, and alleging that her child was her father's. Hughes is a well-to-do farmer, and had always had the respect of his neighbors. There is a great indignation against him.

THE ROWSE-LAMB TRAGEDY.

Additional Particulars.
Editor Interior Journal.

The sun shone brightly Monday morning as John Lamb, a young man in the prime of life, 6 feet high, weighing 175 lbs., with a handsome face, arose early and prepared to go to work, little expecting that in a few hours his spirit would be in Eternity. On the other hand, John Rowsey, the slayer, 60 years old, and the last man any of us expected to kill a man, is up, shoulders a little shot-gun belonging to his grandson, not 10 years old, and proceeds to the house where one Lowry and his sister Rilda, (Lowry), who is the cause of this difficulty, lives. The latter is, by the way, a notorious character, and has caused the death one other man before this, and to whom Rowsey been giving much attention until recently. John Lamb had gained her affections, and as this did not suit Rowsey very well, he ordered Lowry to leave his property. Rowsey arrives at the house, finds them not yet gone, and proceeds to set their plumb line out in the yard. At this Rilda becomes indignant and tells him that he is in a d-d big hurry, &c. Rowsey again orders her out. Rilda seizes the Spencer rifle, belonging to Lamb, saying that she was going to get Lamb and have him blow his d-d d-d brains out. It seems Rowsey expected a difficulty, as he went out and blew a horn, and in a short time his son George arrived armed to the teeth. Rilda had not been gone long before she returned accompanied by Lamb carrying the Spencer rifle. Rowsey motioned to Lamb, at the same time telling him to get out of the yard. Lamb gave no heed to this, and Rowsey says, he raised his gun and was in the act of firing, when he (Rowsey) fired, sending a load of shot into his breast and throat. Lamb walked about twenty steps without speaking, and fell dead. The wretched, accompanied by a half dozen young men of this place, left here to day about 1 o'clock p. m. to see the body of John Lamb consigned to the tomb. Notwithstanding the rough road and the many hills we had to go over, the cool, shady way made us forget all this. On the road we observed many trees marked by bullets from the guns of the Rowsey boys; and as practice makes perfect, it is no wonder that they shoot so accurately. We arrived in time to assist in carrying the remains up the steep hill to the family burying-ground of the Rowsey family, where the grave was dug side by side of six other men who had met death in some way at the muzzle of a gun or pistol. Lamb and his mother too, had requested that the Spencer rifle, which his uncle Arch had given him when on his death bed, be buried with him. The gun was placed under his arm in the coffin. His mother who is a stout woman, seems to have given up, and is lying prostrated and speechless. The examining trial was postponed on account of absence of witnesses, until Thursday, at Danville. No one has any idea as to the result.

—CASEY COON Y.

Middlebury.

—Mr. A. C. Watkins, Superintendent at E. Zimmerman's mill, got his foot badly mashed a few days ago.

—Mr. Jesse Fogle, formerly of our country, but now a rising young lawyer of Owensboro, is here with his family visiting relatives.

—A little infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. McWhorter, died last Saturday. Miss Laura Richards, whose death has been ex-

pected at any time for the last few weeks, breathed her last on last Friday, 7th inst.

—By 8 o'clock Friday night people from all parts of the county had assembled at the Baptist church to witness the closing exercises of the Middlebury Seminary.

Notwithstanding the price of admission, which was thought very high, a sufficient

number to fill every available space in the

church paid it without grumbling. The heat of order prevailed throughout, notwithstanding the much crowded house. The pupils acquitted themselves splendidly and reflected great credit upon themselves and their teachers, Prof. Waters and Miss Sallie, who have spared no pains in trying to advance their educational interests. Suffice it to say they are very diversified and all enjoyed with apparently equal zest.

The trouble is the days are too short for the brief routine, and this makes the night too brief for needed repose. I think a total eclipse of the Sun, lasting through an entire day and thus giving us 36 hours of continuous night, would just about balance our accounts with Morphæus. Of course the musicians are fast becoming an important factor in the solution of extracting the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from the brief duration of a summer in the mountains. But the time that thrills the writer most ecstasy, and is in fact the most generally popular, is that played by a Cimarron artist three times a day, on a hand-bell at the door of the dining-room. Byron was never more inspired than when he named this air "the tocsin of the soul."

It is at once strange and impressive to see how completely even blooming beauty and languid Femininity is brought under the control of this all-popular melody. But the notes of that same music are echoing now, and I must dance to its measures,

"PRAISE THE LORD."

DAYTON, Ohio, July 12th, 1882.

Dear Interior:

Before I forget it, what an awful one that was, "cut out of whole cloth," that you copied from the C. J. I never, in thought or word, as I am a Christian gentleman, consigned my blessed old grandmother to hell, for teaching my mother anything, or for any other cause whatever. On the contrary I believe she is happy in heaven this minute. That is certainly unique and original in the devil.

—B. R. MATTERS.—The train will be running through to London next Monday. Until depots can be built, box-cars will be fitted up for ticket and telegraph offices. Mr. L. C. Aleorn, agent at Mine Hill, has been promoted and given the office at London. Mr. W. H. Newcomb, of this place, gets the agency at Camper's. It is probable that Mr. Geo. W. Brownie will take the office at East Herndon, on account of his business interests at that place. A telegraph office will be kept at Tunnel No. 9 until the work there is finished. Capt. T. H. McMichael, Principal Engineer, has moved his headquarters from Livingston to London.

SHOOTING SCARE.

[Special Dispatch to The Interior Journal.]

MT. VERNON, July 13th, 7:50 p. m.—A difficulty occurred in front of the Newcomb Hotel this evening between John Burton, coal miner, and Thomas Moore, saloon-keeper. Six shots were exchanged, one only took effect, which struck Burton in the chin, making an ugly but not necessarily fatal wound. The difficulty was over a drink of whisky which Burton wanted and Moore refused to let him have. Moore was arrested.

S. M. H.

BOYLE COUNTY.

Shelby City.

—Solomon Bobbitt, an old and respected citizen, died at his residence near here Wednesday morning. Mr. Bobbitt is the father of George W. Bobbitt, Esq., of your

city.

—Jim Newyear, and Andy Yates, two gents of color, became involved in a personal difficulty Wednesday evening.

Knives, razors, spades and axes were used by the combatants freely, Yates was used terribly. He is the same negro who for some fighting scrapes in your city last winter, served a term on the rock-pile.

—This morning about 3 o'clock the cry of fire rang out upon the still air of the morning. The fire was discovered to be in the rear part of the grocery and beer saloon of Phil Woods, (old). A colored boy who was asleep in the store at the time, says that he was awakened by the smoke. Upon going into the back-room, he discovered the fire issuing through the bottom of the floor as though it had been fired from under the door. A few of the goods in the store were saved, but the remainder together with the building, were entirely consumed. The building was owned by D. H. Yeiser, Esq., and was partially insured. As Woods & Son, Richmond; Funk & Anderson; Danville; Potts & Proctor, Danville; Grubbs & Co., Shelby City. Several letters were received from many more milling firms expressing their regret at not being able to be present. Quite a number of interesting questions, effecting the interests of the millers were discussed, after which the association adjourned to meet in Stanford on the 7th of August.

As questions of vital importance effecting the millers of this section of the State will be discussed, all millers and grain-dealers are requested to be present at the next meeting.

—LAST Monday in Danville, at the Gilmer Hotel, the Central Kentucky Millers held their first meeting. The meeting being called to order; on motion Mr. W. S. Grubbs, of Shelby City, was elected President; and C. R. Anderson, of Danville, Secretary. The following firms were present: McAlister & Sallee, Stanford; Geo. Denny & Co., Lancaster; Glass & Daniel, Wilmore; Farris & White, Milledgeville; W. N. Potts & Son, Richmond; Funk & Anderson; Danville; Potts & Proctor, Danville; Grubbs & Co., Shelby City. Several letters were received from many more milling firms expressing their regret at not being able to be present.

—The reports of the services in the Cincinnati Commercial are excellent. The reporter is a most intelligent Christian lady, with full spiritual appreciation of "the points" of a sermon. Our papers here send a couple of youngsters, full of fun, and very clever boys, I dare say, but young heathens, who "lark" awhile and then report awhile; perchance upon some in a sort of judge stand, out of sight of the congregation, where the temptation to be jolly is irresistible. Every now and then when the young heathens are in full view, catch their eyes, and look for a while preternaturally solemn and, and the pressure taken off, resume their diversion. The "hash" they make of what I do say, and what they think I say, is very funny. After the first "grinding agony" is over, I like the boys, bleed their hearts. I should have done the same thing at their age, but it is the old fable of the boy and frog, "all same." The Dayton papers have treated us well thus far, and I am duly attention to what they have.

—

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, -- July 14, 1882

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Passenger trains North..... 9:10 A. M.

" " South..... 2:05 P. M.

LOCAL NOTICES.

BUY PAINTS of Penny & McAlister.

MILLET Seed \$2.25 per bushel at A. Owley's.

ELEVEN POUNDS Sugar for \$1 at McAlister & Bright's.

SALT, Lime and Cement constantly on hand at A. Owley's.

New stock of Jewelry and Silverware at Penny & McAlister's.

LOVERS of Gold Tea will find the best in the city at Penny & McAlister's.

WANTED,--1,000 lbs. Irish Potatoes for cash or trade. McAlister & Bright.

WANTERS, Checks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

WANTERS,--Country bacon, highest market price in cash paid. McAlister & Bright.

PINE Alder Fruit Vinegar, best in the world, for sale only by McAlister & Bright.

You will find the best 5-cent and 2-cent 5-cent cigar in town at Penny & McAlister's.

J. H. & S. H. SHANKS are recieving and opening a nice new lot of Zeigler Shoes--low cut.

A FULL line of California Canned Goods, including Apricots, Grapes, Peaches, and Egg Plum at McAlister and Bright's.

PERSONAL.

MISS EMMA DODD is visiting Mrs. S. P. Stagg.

MISS ELIZA A. ENGLEMAN is visiting Miss Kate Urines.

C. E. GENTRY and WIFE have gone to Bourbon on a visit.

TOM FERRELL is back from Tennessee in very bad health.

MISS DOLLIE WILLIAMS is with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Huffman.

TIM W. HIGGINS, after a short illness, is again able to be at his post.

MR. AND MRS. WM. ROBERTON, of Garris, are at Capt. Geo. H. McKinney's.

OUR lightning compositor, Gen. F. J. White, has been confined to his bed all this week.

DR. J. S. BURDITT, of Broadhead was here yesterday, and brought us fully.

MR. J. D. PRICE, with his accomplished daughter, Miss Letitia of Lancaster, returned from Louisville Wednesday.

A. H. EVANS, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Zanesville, O., is here with a view to purchase a blue-grass farm near town. Land Agent Miller has him in tow.

MISS MINNIE Loom, the bright and cultivated daughter of the President of the Kentucky University, who has been visiting Mrs. Dr. Huffman, leaves for home this morning.

MAJ. JOHN FRY, of the Quartermaster's department, is located at the Myers House for the season to investigate claims growing out of the late war. He is a cousin of Gen. Fry and was born and raised at Danville.

A PICNIC was given in the woods of Mr. Yates, last Saturday in honor of Miss Salie Penny, of Stanford. The occasion was highly enjoyed and in the first of the kind was heard of this summer. [Richmond Herald].

GENL. T. T. GARRARD, of Clay county, grandson of Kentucky's former Governor, appeared at the recent Superior Judicial Convention 6 feet high, with 218 pounds weight, bearing well his 50 years of active life, June 7th being his birthday. Dr. Wm. Garrard, of Illinois, is probably the only other living grandson, of tory or Garrard. [Paris Kentuckian].

LOCAL MATTERS.

WANTED--A lot of country bacon, hams and sides by W. T. Green.

THE Livingston Coal Company's coal can't be beat. Call on T. T. Daviess for it.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND BRICK for sale. Apply to Henry Baughman, Stanford.

HEAVY rain have fallen since our last issue but we have heard of no damage resulting.

LAUREL county double screened nut coal 10 cents per bushel delivered. T. T. Daviess.

CHICKENS continue scarce at \$2.50 per dozen. Blackberries are flooding the market at 25 cents a waterbuckful full.

FULL DRESS HOS at Crab Orchard Springs to-night. Brilliant company already there. Society ladies and gentlemen of Lincoln especially invited and expected.

CHARGED WITH STEALING--Constable Dan Miller arrested and lodged in jail here Tuesday, a white man named J. W. Walker, charged with stealing a gold ring from Adam Weitzel, of Hustonville. Walker, who claims to be a Virginian, has been living in Hustonville three years, and is said to be a good mechanic. He fell in love with a Miss Maggie Sandifer, to whom, it is claimed, he gave the ring as a token of engagement. Miss Maggie is a pretty little 16-year-old, and Walker is partially excusable for giving her a ring, even if he did have to steal it. The case was tried before Judge Brown yesterday, when Walker was held in the sum of \$100 to the grand jury. Failing to make bond he went back to jail.

NOT FOR JACOB--Mr. B. T. Hemphill, a leading merchant of Broadhead, and a prominent man among Rockcastle county republicans, says that his party in that county will not support Jacob with any degree of unanimity. He lost a large number of votes by his speech in that county.

YOUNG Ike Hamilton, better known as "Ike," was taken suddenly sick Wednesday night, so as to cause the impression that he had attempted suicide. Physicians were sent for when it was found that a fit had caused the trouble. He was rigid and speechless for hours and is still in a precarious condition.

LANCASTER NOTES--What is the matter with W. M. B? Robert Kinnaird accidentally dropped a pistol, which was discharged, inflicting a painful, though not serious wound in the thigh. Mrs. Albert G. Herndon died Sunday, aged 87. Robert Kinnaird was booming, and the nig is going for jail. Dr. Sweeney has purchased of Squire M. C. Portman, of Stanford, over 200,000 bushels to build up the burnt district. Three new store buildings are to be erected. Mr. Portman says his brick can't be beat for three good reasons.

FRUIT JARS of all kinds at Bruce, Warren & Co's.

For the Livingston Coal Company's coal is the best.

M. C. PORTMAN sold to R. R. Gentry, an unbroke common mule for \$100.

THE Buffalo Mills is now prepared to do all kinds of custom grinding in good order.

IRISH POTATOES--I want to buy 50,000 bushels at once. A. T. Nunnelley, Stanford.

HARRIS & DAWSON will keep on hand at all times, Manufactured and Lake tea for sale.

Mr. H. C. RUPLEY insists that you come and settle your account with him; he needs the money.

ANDREW NUNNELLEY has bought 2,000 bushels of Irish Potatoes at 50 cents per bushel delivered.

MRS. KATE DUDHORP would be very much obliged to those who are indebted to her if they would call and settle.

FARMERS desiring to lay in their winter supply of coal would do well to see the proprietor of Lincoln Mills. It will be money in their pockets.

FULL DRESS HOS at Crab Orchard Springs to-night. Brilliant company already there. Society ladies and gentlemen of Lincoln especially invited and expected.

LITTLE PERSONALS--Mr. T. L. Carpenter was made a proud father Tuesday night. It's a boy. Mrs. Caldwell Woods, whose husband died a short time since, also has a boy.

UNIONESS has refused to grant Josh Dye a pension. Josh needs it bad enough, but whether or not he deserves it is a debatable question. Of course he will think that the reason of his failure was because he voted for Hancock and English.

The first dress hall of the season occurs at Crab Orchard Springs this evening, which promises to be a nice affair. Tickets are arriving in considerable numbers daily, and the rooms are filling rapidly, giving gratifying assurances of a prosperous season.

In another column, notice of the incorporation of the Stanford and Preachers Turnpike is published. The capital stock is to be not less than \$3,000 nor more than \$10,000, to be divided in shares of \$25.

[Enquirer.] This reminds us of what old man Lewis Howell said when he heard that Mr. Barnes was going to Dayton:

"He has gone to the right place now to carry out his theory of preaching nothing.

Those people would listen to him forever, and never contribute to his support. The almighty dollar sticks to them with wonderful tenacity." Uncle Lewis was born and raised in that section, and he ought to know.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

The Delaware peach crop will reach 5,000,000 bushels.

Traylor & Sons sold to B. F. Robinson, a car load of 250 lbs. hogs at 7 cents.

Tom Robinson sold to a Louisiana party a 2 year-old trotting gelding for \$250.

R. H. Bronaugh, Crab Orchard, has 60 lbs. breeding ewes for sale 1st August.

In the House on Tuesday the appropriation for the Geological Survey was increased from \$120,000 to \$220,000.

The first sale of new cotton received this season was sold at Houston, Texas, Friday, to Carson & Ellis for \$250.

The news that the Egyptian war had commenced in earnest caused wheat to go up 3 or 4 cents at Chicago, but it has since receded.

Daniel Stagg weighed to Lehman & Bro., 22 bush of cattle, 1,490 lbs., at 6 cents, and Mat Sandidge, 20 averaging 1,597, at same price.

Clipsatta, the 2 year old filly that won the Ladies' and Tennessee stakes at Louisville, and the Ladies' stakes at St. Louis, died Tuesday of a bowel affection.

George D. Weareen has received 15,000 bushels of wheat for which he paid \$1 per bushel. His various agencies have purchased some 40,000 bushels more at 90 cents.

R. D. and L. Logan weighed to Lehman & Bro. yesterday, 60 head 1600 lbs. cattle at 6 cents. These cattle left last night via Chesapeake & Ohio R. R. to the ocean, thence to Europe.

James Walton bought of R. Y. McElroy twenty head of butcher cattle, weight about 1,000 pound at 4 cents, and of various other parties twenty head of cattle, at from 2 to 4 cents per pound. [Lebanon Standard].

At Lexington Monday, from four to five hundred cattle were on sale, and less left over. For common stock prices ranged from \$3 to \$4 cents per pound. A few broke mules were on the market, and sold at from \$75 to \$130 per head. Horses in demand.

The Danville and Harrodsburg fair conflict, both occurring on August 1st to 12th. The Richmond fair will be held August 3 to 12; Lawrenceburg, Aug. 15 to 18; Shelbyville, Aug. 22 to 23; Lexington, Aug. 29 to Sept. 2; Paris, Sept. 5 to 8; and Mayville Sept. 19 to 22.

In Cincinnati, good cattle are active, lower grades dull. Common, \$3 to \$3.75; good to choice butcher, \$3.25 to \$4.25; shippers, \$5.50 to \$6.50. Hogs are not so strong, but best are still quoted at \$8.00 to \$9; common \$7 to \$7.50. The sheep market is quiet at \$3 to \$5. Lambs are easy at 25 cents per pound.

Perry & Jenkins have bought about 75,000 bushels of wheat, for delivery from July 20th to 25th, at one dollar per bushel. The price for threshing wheat is 5 cents per bushel with everything furnished, or 12 cents when the threshers furnish. Mr. M. O. Osborn sold to Joseph P. Gayle 450 lambs (second draw) averaging about 75 pounds, at \$3.25 per head. W. A. Leahy sold to John Bayless, of Bourbon, a car load of fat cattle, averaging about 1,300 pounds, at 6 cents. [Cincinnati Times].

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, - - July 14, 1882

Bob Burdett's Oration.

Bob Burdett, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, burst out of his sanctum on the Fourth and desolated a suburban town with an oration, from which we quote:

"Why have we assembled here to-day? What means this vast concourse of people, these waving banners, these strains of soul-stirring music, this glittering array of beauty, patriotism and intelligence. As I face this immense multitude, I am impressed with one thought, that rushes upon my very soul and struggles in vain for utterance. It is the thought that I am not going to make one-half these people hear a word I say. It is not a grand thought. It is not even a brilliant thought. But it is true, and the truth is worth far more than brilliancy. And I will tell the truth every time I get an opportunity. It isn't often that I get the chance. What, with trying to reconcile Tice's weather predictions and the president's policy, a man has to be vigilant and lie awake nights and watch his chance in order to get an opportunity to tell a little truth once a week, and yet this has nothing to do with the Turkish war.

Why, then, I repeat, are we assembled here to-day? To rejoice that we are a free people, endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness in the long range. To rejoice that the precious boon and heritage of freedom is ours, bequeathed us by the fathers who fought, bled and died, that I and mine and you and yours might breathe the air of freedom. And we rejoice to day, we are proud and happy and glad, glad that our fathers died for us instead of compelling us to die for them. They were great, grand men, in fact they were, many of them, great grandfathers.

It is sweet to die for one's country. It seems to me that I, too, would gladly add my name to the list of great and good, and die for my country—or was old ago. I would die sooner if it was thought necessary, but I haven't got time. I am too busy. But if my sacrifices are needed next centennial, they may call on me, and I will either come or send a hand.

Our fathers died for us. They died willingly and gladly. But if they could come back to day and see what kind of a crowd they died for, quarreling over the president's policy, wrangling over the currency, and some of them trying to pay a dollar's worth of debt with ninety cents' worth of money, talking politics twenty-three hours a day, and praying so seldom that our knees get rusty, drowned out by rain, devoured by grasshoppers, they would, if they had to do it again, live nine thousand years, and only die then when they had to.

And yet ours is a glorious country. A wonderful, magnificent country. It is marvelous. A high school girl would say, it is "nice." Look abroad over our land, turn the pages of history, and see what the mighty genius of progress has wrought. But one short century ago the cornerstone of this mighty fabric was laid, amid the thunder of cannon and the rattling of musketry, camouflaged by the smoke of battle and cemented with blood. A little hand of struggling, needy patriots, half-clad, poorly fed, with only a few dollars in the national treasury. To-day the sun of one hundred and six years breaks upon the land—wherever it isn't storming—and where do we stand? A billion dollars in debt.

Our fathers died, but they had no railroads. If they had they might have died with less expense and less trouble before they got to the war.

Our fathers never knew the ecstatic pleasure of leaning out of a car window and getting a red-hot cinder as big as a pea in the eye before they could look at a tree. They had no telegraph, and never knew what a convenience it was to pay forty cents to send a message fifty miles, and then have the dispatch come lagging a day or two after the old man had died of old age. They had no kerosene lamps, and they never knew what it was to light a kitchen fire and make a balloon ascension out of the same can.

They had no United States signal service, and never had forty-five rainy days in one month, with a tornado every wash day. Their wants were few and simple. They didn't need a great deal of weather, and what they had was regulated by the ground hog, and that reliable weather bureau never made a mistake.

These men have passed away. In their habits, their sterling honesty, their grand patriotism, their unselfish devotion to principle, they passed from life into eternal fame. The men of '76 are gone. I do not know where, but they have gone somewhere, I do not see any of them here. If there are any of them present, they will please rise, for I am willing to be corrected when I am wrong.

The fourth of July was invented by a man whose name is dear to all American hearts—George H. Washington. By an ingenious arrangement the fourth of July was so contrived by the inventor that it would always fall on a rainy day. It has missed it once in the last twelve hundred years, and on that once it rained all day. The fourth of July was not the only invention of this great and good man. He invented a name that will fit two-thirds of the boys of every generation in America. A grateful people never forgot the fact, and Washington when at the zenith of his power was nominated by acclamation for the capital of the United States. But Washington was once caught praying at Valley Forge, and from the great stress laid upon the incident by all historians, it is judged that it was the only time any body ever caught him praying. He was a brave, good man, but he

dressed too much like a member of a base ball club to be elected president in these days.

A Spiritualist Who Saw His Mother's Spirit Separated From Her Body.

A complete description of the spirit's departure from the body was recently given by Kyra Carpenter in a letter to Mr. Joseph Baker. She was treated by mesmerism for epileptic fits, and soon became a good clairvoyant, and eventually a seer of spirits.

"My mother and I had often talked of death and immortality. She frequently magnetized me when she was in health, and I was in the clairvoyant state, by her assistance, when the spiritual sight was first given me. By your assistance (Baker's) I acquired the power of putting myself in that state without the assistance of an operator. She had often requested that I would, at the time of her decease, put myself in that state, and carefully notice the departure of the spirit from the body. Her failing health admonished her that her end for this life was near, but she viewed it with calmness, for her thoughts were full of the life to come, and hopes placed on her Father in Heaven. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt it approach she sent for me, as I was absent attending an invalid. I came and remained constantly with her until she left us for a better home. Her last words were addressed to me. Perceiving that she was dying, I seated myself in the room, and was soon in a state of spiritual clairvoyance. With the opening of the inner sight the painful scene of mother's death was changed to a vision of glory—beautiful, angelic spirits present, watching over her. Their faces were radiant with bliss, and their glittering robes were like transparent snow. I could feel them as material, and yet they communicated a sensation as if compressed air. Some of these heavenly attendants stood at her head and some at her feet, while the others seemed to be hovering over her form. They seemed so pure, so full of love, that it was sweet to look at them as they watched the change now taking place in my mother.

"I now turned my attention more directly to my mother, and saw the external sense leave her. First the power of sight departed, and then a veil seemed to drop over the eyes; then the hearing, and next the sense of feeling. The spirit began to leave the limbs, and they died first, and the light that filled each part, in every fiber, drew up toward the chest. As fast as this took place the veil seemed to drop over the part from whence the spiritual life was removed. A ball of light was now gathering just over her head, and this continued to increase as long as the spirit was connected with the body. The light left the brain last, and then the silver cord was loosed. The luminous appearance soon began to assume the human form, and I could see my mother again! But oh, how changed! She was light and glorious, arrayed in robes of dazzling whiteness, free from disease, pain and death. She seemed to be welcomed by the attending spirits with the joy of a mother over the birth of a child.

"She paid no attention to me, or any earthly object, but joined her companions, and they seemed to go away through the air. I attempted to follow them in the spirit, for I felt strongly attracted and longed to go with my mother. I saw them ascend, till they seemed to pass through an open space, when a mist came over my sight and I saw them no more."—[Religious-Philosophical Journal.]

Some time ago the wife of a Philadelphia broker asked her husband to give her a thousand dollars on which to speculate, and, like the good man he is, complied. In a day or two an opportunity offered to buy some country railroad bonds at very low figures, and she invested. When he came home that night she remarked:

"George, it seems as if I remember of your having some blank county railroad bonds."

"Yes, I did."

"Just a thousand dollars' worth, wasn't it?"

"Exactly."

"And you sold them?"

"Yes, to-day."

"What are they worth?"

"About ten per cent."

"What?" she shrieked. "Why, I bought those very bonds and paid 95 for them."

"Just so, darling, just so! You wanted to speculate; I knew you would get bitten. I therefore arranged to cover the most of that thousand and back into my wallet."

"But, sir!"

"Be calm, Maria, be calm. If you lose your temper that way you'll never have any luck buying on an excited market. You ought to be proud of a husband who can take in seven or eight hundred dollars on a little speculation like that."—[Wall Street Daily News.]

Dr. Emmons, the able New England divine, met a pantechnical physician at the house of a sick parochial. It was no place for a dispute, but the abrupt question of the parochial was:

"Mr. Emmons, how old are you?"

"Sixty, sir; and how old are you?"

"As old as creation," was the triumphant reply.

"Then you are of the same age with Adam and Eve?"

"Certainly. I was in the garden when they were."

"I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you," rejoined the divine.

Two women were discussing the desirability of a pair of jewel garters in a shop window. One said: "It ought to be a safe way to carry one's diamonds." "Oh, no," replied the other; "it would add a new horror to point to jewel in great pipes."

The most highly civilized races are those plentifully supplied with beards. Bearded people are compared to children, and the bearded to the adults of the human race.

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These on-shore are awed by the terrible violence of the winds and waves during a tempest what must be the experience of men who live in a building exposed to the full fury of the heavy ocean breakers.

When we look at a lighthouse in calm weather it is almost impossible to realize that the sea sometimes breaks over the lantern. Such is, however, frequently the case, and an instance of this occurred not long after the completion of the Bishop's Rock Light, which is erected on a rock beyond the Scilly Islands, far out in the Atlantic. One of the builders told of a heavy sea striking under the lantern and carrying away the fog-bell, which hung by a stout arm of iron nearly three inches

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Eugene V. Chad, an expert young jeweler of Philadelphia, when arrested last week, was turning down a \$5 piece on a lathe. His plan was ingenious. He sawed the top plate off a coin, and then fastening the remaining piece to the lathe chuck proceeded to drill out the interior, leaving the back and edge intact, but only a mere shell. He filled this shell with fine steel wire, copper, silver and platinum, and then soldered the top on by the blow-pipe, leaving the debased and plundered coin at about its original weight. Another plan was to bore holes diagonally through the coin from the sides and extract the gold and replace with silver or platinum. The nefarious trick yielded Chad, so he admitted, \$2.40 on a \$5 piece, \$4.80 on \$10 and so on proportionately.—[Chicago Times.]

The only way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game. That is, of course if he is not an editor of a pious newspaper. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend who knew he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how on the 23rd of the month, they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried away every stitch of canvas of the ship. The listener looked thoughtful a moment, and then said hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.—[Peek's Sun.]

Some people delight to magnify the most ordinary experience, and hear them relate it you would think the most wonderful thing in the world had happened. The other day, while discussing the quality and duration, or rather the durability of human affection, we were shortly released of our heresy by a statement that no longer ago than last month a young lady who read in an evening paper a notice of the marriage of her lover was so affected that when she awoke the next morning her hair was perfectly white, and even the chignon, which she had carefully laid in the bureau drawer, had changed color. Of course we said nothing, because we are not experts in weighing facts; but if we had been tractable or impulsive we could have matched the statement by another far more significant. We ourselves knew a man, a married man of course, who came to his happy home early one morning after a night of hard work at the club, who had what might be called a discussion for a few minutes with his wife, and he woke up the next morning, not white-haired, but worse than that, absolutely bald. What was the nature of the discussion with his wife we never had the heart to ask him, and he, poor fellow, was so overcome with grief that he never volunteered any information.

HOW TO SHAKE HANDS WITH A LADY.—If you are shaking hands with a lady, incline the hand forward with a soft and graceful, yet half timid movement, like a boy climbing a barbed wire fence with a fifty pound watermelon. Look gently in her eyes with a kind of a pleading smile, beam on her features a bright and winsome beam, say something you have heard some one else say on similar occasions, and in the mean time shake her hand in a subdued yet vigorous way, not as though you were trying to make a masher by pulverizing her fingers, nor yet in too conservative a manner, allowing her hand to fall with a sickening thud when you let go. Care should be taken also not to hang on the hand more than half an hour in public, as bystanders might make remarks. This is now considered quite *out of date* and *old fashioned*.—[Bill Nye.]

When a man takes great pains to convince that he is telling the truth and that a man of his moral make-up is incapable of telling a lie it is safe to conclude that his moral make-up has no influence on his present conversation. If one "hardly ever" tells a lie, you can trust most of his statements, but if he never, never, tells a lie, don't believe a word he says about any subject. He is too awfully good to practice any of the ordinary virtues.

Test of true love: "Is there any thing I can do to satisfy you that I am real—any further proof that I can give of my sincerity and devotion?" exclaimed the youth passionately. The face of the marble-hearted maiden lighted up with a Machiavellian smile as she answered: "Yes, there is, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around a corner and kicked himself.—[Peek's Sun.]

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